

these are some good roads.
Came to a herd of cows
that made us stop while
they slowly picked their
way around us. This seems
to be quite the thing, with our
boys herding them. Kanab
where the green cottonwoods &
tall poplars are quite a sight
against the red desert cliffs.
Saw over "Alone Beauty
Shopper" North of the town
is a very unusual canyon
of rich red & wh. rocks, all
eroded by wind & sand in
horizontal swirling lines.
Quite lovely. Ever further, it's
more so. Large yellow cliffs

hollowed out in many
shallow caves, each one a
perfect shell for a concert.
Streaks of red that look as if
someone had wiped off a huge
paint brush on the flat wall.
If this is desert it certainly
is beautiful. The earth is
alternate white and red, no grass
but all over juniper trees spotting
the deep rolling ridges into
the valley. We're heading for
Zion then Bryce Nat. Parks
noted for their color & unusual
rock formations. According to
the pamphlet we have this
is the desert & canyon region
of south Utah. The rolling ridges

we viewed from above have
turned out to be what would
be honest to goodness mountain
The difference here between
the canyon walls here & G.C.
is that they are practically
solid (no different degrees
of rock hardness) but all
rown in the same swirling
lines. Now we are down in
it I certainly is curious.
The rock is vermillion at
the base & shades up to
a pure lt. cream. Here
there a fault where a whole
entire side has slipped in
sections a way from the
rest. This is quite different

from anything we have
yet seen. We enter the pi.
& $\frac{1}{4}$ tunnel which has
windows all along where
we pull out to look. Nice
cob, a closer view of the
walls. The wh. peaks proudly
raising above the red walls.
Straight below us little rock
squirrels are scampering.
They're different from the
others because of their
little gray waistcoats &
br. bodies. There is one
baby who commands our
attention he is so cute.
I like this! From driving
on down we get a greater

concept of what a big canyon
really is. This is to the height
of G. C. + my word, it seems
to tower above you to the sky.
Our engineer (E.) says this
road is a remarkable piece
of construction. We stop at the
museum in the depths where
they have caged live snakes.
Adelle can't be too curious
but one swift glance is enough
for me. This whole deep
canyon was cut by the
Virgin R. She expected a crack
came. Now we drive down
along the floor shaded by
cottonwood + birches
looking up, naming the

various peaks from the top.
To the composition of color, red
rock, wh. tipped, against pure
blue sky, then rich green trees.
Definitely hot in here, too.
The river looks so clear, bub-
bling + inviting. These lg.
masses of cliffs should make
the Palladares hang their
heads in shame. Geopars!
As all I can say, the way
these brilliant walls sheer
straight up + over us some-
times. Reaching the end of
the trail Rabbit + Ad. can
no longer resist the stream.
In they go, wading. A
wonderful breeze works to

keep the sun from parching
us. I'm thoroughly enjoying
a sun bath while the birds have
the time of their lives crossing
the fairly swift current on
slippery stones. Brent is in
the shade communing with
the walls, while Lois & Ed go
exploring. Emerging, Robt. says
proudly - "My pants got wet!"

It really is beautiful, peace-
ful & relaxing. I bet my
face & arms. Now cool & re-
freshing it feels to be dried
by the breeze. But we soon
enough warm up again in
the car, heading back. Here
is the famous Great

White Throne which towers
majestically above all else.

This would be a wonderful backdrop
out for Bad Men. Another stop
at Weeping Rock, just that
plants growing out of the crevices
rock looking like hanging
gardens. No heat in cool
comfort at the cafeteria.

1⁵⁵ Climbing out of the canyon
again. Taking a last
glorious look at this incred-
able sight. Some of the rock is
solid smooth mass, other broken
up into fantastic pinnacles. Into
the tunnel once more where we
stop to feed the squirrel with
bits salvaged from lunch

Such a relief to get out
of the heat. It's all too
short. Despite the heat
the air unbelievably
clear making the rock
walls paper cut against
the sky. No haze here
at all.

So I started to read
the geological account
of Bryce Pk. which we
are heading for now &
Pam, Robt, & I all fell
asleep. When I awoke
we were out of the rocky
territory into the red &
yellow, green spotted
hills again. The earth

looks so dry & yet all
along the road are small
fertile fields fed by
gushing irrigation ditches.
This is the Mormon Terr.
of hard working thrifty
farmers. All we see are the
young boys herding cattle.
What a day this is! It's
cooler now. The colors of
the earth on the hillside
is amazing; oranges, yellow
reds, & white polka dotted
with low scrubby trees.
The distant ones are even
more gorgeously lined
Tobacco on the pistal
tints. We open up the

wings to get the full
benefit of the cool air.
Here in a wide little
we winding all around
quite a sight after all the
dried up streams we have
crossed. Ahead across
this wide valley brilliant
orange cliffs rising in
irregular ~~the~~ scrolls.
The river is the Arroyo Creek.
We stop at a lava bed while
scout Robt. gathers spec-
imens. The approach to
Bryce is up a wide dirt
road right toward the
orange cliffs. And what
I thought were shadows

of clouds have turned out
to be lava beds on the
same mts. Into Bryce
thru Red Canyon Forest
Camp the brilliant orange
wall takes on the character-
istics of the job. Piers of
irreg. shaped pinnacles
vertically wrought &
rounded on the order of
a spool bed, only of coars-
er, more fantastic shape.
That rock is an honest-
to goodness orange,
right out of the paint jar
4¹⁵ Stop for Scam info. and
on advice of Ranger
went out at once to see

to see the "Silent City".
This is pure fantasy
the delicate spires
artistically shaded
from the deep reds at
the base blending
gradually up thru
the lighter oranges,
yellows, to the lt. buff
at the top. As E. says
Well, I just don't care
it isn't so. Off on
a little private balcony
thru an arch I'm sitting
in the late sun looking
down. When I yearn
for pure color in my
lifetime this is the

place I shall come to.
Even the green pines, the
clear blue sky, the
white puffy clouds are
intensified. I hate to
go but I guess I do
have to cut too. To-
morrow we shall walk
down into & around these
strange colored pines
sticking up. Ugh, for ever
tho I ~~hate~~ to admit it I
am a bit stiff from
riding yesterday & what
those steep steps are
going to do to me, I'll
just have to wait & see
the others had walked on

down. So that I have
~~had~~ a chance to come
back. I have my jacket
off so that the sun is
warming my back nicely.
The shadows are rising
up to engulf the various
little peaks in flatus
but on the other side the
reflected light brings
out even more glorious
subtleties of rich coloring.

Well, after supper we attended
Council Fire, got a more general
picture of the Indian of this sect.

(bywords: *Wet. Heron an, me-ales*)

Before bed we drove back to the edge
of the amphitheatre to see it by
moonlight. Shortly, see it.

July 1st

Up early, breakfasted & ready
for the nature walk led by the
Ranger down into the amph.
Must have been 100 people, made
quite a pattern on the many switch
backs. 1 1/2 mi. round trip. Got
for the pushing typical it was
most enjoyable. But instead of
being sensible & resting when we
came back, I went right back
down, down again, thru Wall St.
where I attempted to depict the
pure orange color of the walls &
the brilliant green of the fir trees.
Was not very successful. I am
To get the pure sky with clayons.
I was late meeting the others

4 tried to tie back up the 30
gigs & 35 gags. It almost did
me up I was gasping for
breath. High altitude can be
a wonderful excuse. After
lunch we took the motor
carrivans to see some of the 13
other amphitheatres & Mac
Western stores, the owl & franked
tree, Mormon vegetables & la carte.
Best analogy: a piec of layer
cake with a giant bite taken
out, showing the teeth underneath.
little side canyons. All climb
up before supper & feeding fire.
Another Council fire talk on
animals. Side bet on whether or
not given by same Ranger. ^{E. & W. were}
glves just to say I use I am ^{open.} ^{Lucas}

July 13th

6- Up & rushing Bois who takes
it good naturedly & buys for cars
7⁵⁵ Tosing the wagon toward
Salt Lake City. Cloudy & cool
nice for desert driving, if
it stays that way. For miles
we have been driving
up a irrigated Mormon
valley surrounded by
barren black bumpy mts.
I see now why they call it
purple sage. Incidentally
we were quite jattered
~~when~~ ^{by} the Ranger's name
for us - Sagebrushers. People
in buses are the Pudes
This is amazing country

1/2 desert & 1/2 gr. fields.
Pretty much the same for
miles. Getting into the
lot signs of salt country
Bonneville - Salina. We see
lg. chunks of rock salt
with streaks of iron in
it. E. says this is the
salt blocks the Rangers
buy for the deer, to give
them the vitamin B
they need. Passed a beet
sugar refinery used by
Wingshys. Robt. takes a
map, & tells & I polish
off the butter run Life Saver.
Ahead an extra huge snow
topped mt. makes itself

visible.
11⁴⁵ stop at Nephi for gas &
are entertained with the
free music of a band
contest from the High Sch.
of a 25 mi. radius. This
is Western Day & there are
about 30 bands in snappy
uniforms competing. The
sun is clear & warm, & boy
those kids are each trying
their damndest. Cars applaud-
ing with their horns flock
the road - we have a ~~slight~~ detour
into the rich-looking flat
valley where we can't find
mt. range / soon up ahead
of the pea canners